

The LOVE R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

Multi de Magnis, per Somnum, Rebu' loquuntur. Lucr.

Thursday, March 25. 1714.

THE strong Propensity that, from my Youth, I have had to Love, hath betrayed me into innumerable Singularities, which the insensible Part of Mankind are apt to turn into Ridicule. The astonishing Accounts of Sympathy, Fascination, Errantry and Enchantments, are thereby become so familiar to me, that my Conversation, upon those Subjects, hath made several good People believe me to be no better than I should be. My Behaviour hath heretofore been suitable to my Opinions. I have lost great Advantages by waiting for lucky Days, and have been looked upon severely by fair Eyes, while I expected the benign Aspect of my Stars. Many a time have I missed a Ball, for the Pleasure of walking by a purling Stream; and chose to wander in unfrequented Solitudes, when I might have been a King at *Questions and Commands*. It is well known what a Prospect I had of rising by the Law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my Study with Poems and Romances, than with dull Records and mutable Acts of Parliament. I intend, at some convenient Season, to communicate to the Publick a Catalogue of my Books; and shall, every now and then, oblige the World with Extracts out of those Manuscripts, which Love and Leisure have drawn from my Pen. I have a Romance, in seven neat Folios, almost finished; besides Novels, Ditties, and Madrigals innumerable. The following Story is collected out of Writers in so learned a Language, that I am almost ashamed to own it. I must say for my Excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth Year, upon my leaving the University, and is adapted to the Taste of those who are far gone in Romance; not to mention the several Morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it,

The Dreams of ENDYMION.

THE Night was far advanced, and Sleep had sealed the Eyes of the most watchful Lovers, when on a sudden a confused Sound of Trumpets, Cymbals and Clarions made all the Inhabitants of *Heraclea* start from their Beds in Terror and Amazement. An Eclipse of the Moon was the occasion of this Uproar; and a mixt Multitude of all Ages and Conditions ran directly to the Top of Mount *Latmos* with their Instruments of Musick to assist the fair Planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her Sphere by the Power of Magical Incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former Beauty, they returned home with Joy and Triumph, to take that benefit of Repose, which they thought their Piety deserved. Only *Cleander*, the Amorous *Cleander*, gave himself up to his Musings, and wandering through the Trees that cloath Mount *Latmos*, intently

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reached the Summit of the Mountain. He was feeding his Eye with the fine Landskip that was spread before him, when he heard a languishing Voice utter these Words intermixt with Sighs. *Cruel Goddess, why wilt thou make me wretched by the Remembrance of my Happiness! Ye Powers, said Cleander to himself, is not that the Voice of Endymion?* He had no sooner said this, than he crept along whither the Voice directed him, and saw to his inexpressible Astonishment the following Spectacle. This strange Object was a Man stretched at length on a Declivity of the Mountain, with his Arms across his Breast, and his Eyes levelled at the Moon. *Thou fair Regent of the Moon*, said he, *after the Enjoyment of a Goddess, why wilt thou degrade thy Lover, and throw him back to Mount Latmos and Mortality?* *Ah Inconstant! thou thinkest no more of Endymion.* 'Tis he, 'tis he, cried *Cleander*, 'tis Endymion, or the Ghost of my Friend. With these Words he ran to him, and caught him in his Arms with the warmest Expressions of Transport. If *Cleander* was overjoyed, *Endymion* was no less, and their Endearments had lasted a long time, if *Cleander's* Curiosity had not spurred him to learn the Cause of *Endymion's* long Absence from *Heraclea*, his Adventures, and the reason of his odd Complaints. After repeated Intreaties *Endymion* delivered himself in the following manner.

You may remember, that my frequent Contemplation of the Heavens had gained me the Reputation of a great Astronomer, amongst the Sages of *Heraclea*. But had there not been more powerful Motives, I had not, for Thirst of Knowledge, abandoned the good-natured Ladies of our City, with so much Youth and Vigour about me. You must know, that I had so often dreamt that *Diana* looked kindly on me, that I went to her Temple at *Ephesus* to learn the Will of the Goddess. I was surprised to find her famous Statue there entirely to resemble the lovely Image that had a thousand times smiled on me, in my Visions. The succeeding Night I bribed the Priestess with a considerable Sum, to let me pass the time within the Temple. After I had said whatever a violent Passion could inspire, I fell in a Trance before the Shrine that encompassed her Statue, and to my inexpressible Joy saw the Goddess descend, and bid me ask her, with a Smile, whatever I desired. Bright Goddess, said I, were I to have my Wish, I would beg that the Pleasure, I now enjoy, might be eternal. But since that is too much, give me, I pray thee, a Seat among the Stars that may place me ever in thy View, and nearest to thy Chariot. Or if the number of the Stars be compleat, and the Destinies deny me this: Grant me at least to be wholly thine upon Earth, and disdain not the Present, that I make thee of my self. Whether in Heaven, or in Earth, answered the Goddess, I will lose no Opportunity to gratifie thee.

thee. Scarce had she uttered these Words, but I lost the sight of her, and only heard the Sound of her Quiver, as she turned and glided away.

I related my Vision the next Morning to *Evaene* the Priestess, who expressed great Joy at my Success, and having sprinkled me with Water from the Sacred Fountain; and spoken mysterious Words, dismiss'd me with a Viol of powerful Juices, and Instructions how to use it. According to her Commands I repaired to this Mountain, where having drank off the Enchanted Draught, I lay stretched upon the Ground, and fixed my Eyes with Delight on the Moon. Suddenly, methought, the Heavens were cleft, and an Ivory Chariot drawn by Horses or Dragons, took me up, and whirled me over Cities, Rivers, Forests, and Oceans, in a moment of time. I was, at length, set down in the middle of a Wood, where the Face of Nature was more delicious, than the Imagination of Poets or Painters have yet described. I had not walked long before I heard the Voices of Women, and at my drawing near I perceived *Diana* in the midst of her Nymphs. The beautiful Virgins were placed round her under the Shadow of Trees: Some of them lay stretched on the Grass, others were viewing themselves in the Streams: Here was one sharpening the Point of an Arrow, there another was stroking a Hound: Their Horns were hung upon the Boughs, and their Bows and Quivers were carelessly scattered upon the Ground. The Queen herself was less distinguished by her Golden Bow and Silver Crescent, than by that Beauty, which had long held me captive. I rustled a little too eagerly thro' the Boughs where I had concealed my self, when a Nymph that stood near her, casting a Look towards me, cried out, *a Man! a Man!* At that Word one of the oldest of the Virgins bent her Bow at me, and had shot me through the Heart, if *Diana* had not seasonably interposed. Hold, cried the Goddess, if he must die, let him die by my Hand. Give me, continued she, the Bundle of Arrows that *Cupid* presented me with the other Day, when we hunted in the *Idalian Grove*. A pretty young Nymph having put them in her Hands, she threw Arrow after Arrow at me, 'till I had received a hundred Wounds, which conveyed such a subtle Poison into my Blood, that I lost my Sight, staggered, and fell down dead. I had not laid long in that Condition, when, to my great Amazement, I found my self in the Arms of *Diana* drest after the manner of her Nymphs; and I saw the Light and her Eyes at the same time. I found, after that, she had used that seeming Cruelty to conceal our Loves; and thenceforward I passed for one of her Sex, and was looked upon as the Favourite Nymph of her Train. My Days were spent in those Sports which she takes Pleasure in: How often have we ranged the Defarts of *Hyrcania*! How agreeably have we wandered on the Banks of *Penens*, or *Eurotas*! How many Lions have we coursed in *Getulia*! How have we panted after the swiftest Deer in *Crete*, and pursued the Tigers of *Armenia*! But our Nights — To what a pitch of Glory and Happiness was I raised! How much happier yet were my Lot, if the Mouth that tasted were allowed to reveal my Joys! But, oh *Cleander*! what shall we think of the other Sex, when I shall have assured thee, that Goddesses themselves are inconstant. It is in the Nature of Females to be suddenly hurried from one Extream to another. Love or Hate wholly possess them; they have no third Passion. What they will, they will absolutely, and demand unlimited Obedience. They are ever prepared to show how little they can value their Lovers, and sacrifice what was once held dear to their Ambition and thirst of Dominion. When they cease to love, they endeavour to persuade us, by Coldness and slighting Usage, that we never were beloved. But not being able to impose so far upon our Understanding, and to give the Lie to our Senses, they endeavour to make us lose the Memory, as they

have lost the Desire of Possession. After so long a Course of Sighs, Vows, Fidelity, Submission, and whatever Lovers talk of, I was hurried away from the happy Regions I have described, in the same manner that I went; and, not many Hours since, found my Body extended on this Mountain, where the Goddess descended with a Veil over her Face; but upon hearing a Noise of Trumpets and Clarions, left me without speaking, and fled to the Moon in an Instant. The Assurance that I was abandoned, made me vent those Complaints, which were still the more just, because after the Favour of a Goddess, I shall loath the faint Beauties of *Heraclea*.

Endymion had no sooner spoke these Words, than he and his Friend were surpris'd with a loud laugh from behind a Bush that grew near them. Instantly started up three young Women, who had dogged *Cleander* in his solitary Walk, one of which was his Mistress. They ran so fast to *Heraclea*, that he could not over-take them; and before ten that Morning, all the the Women of the Town had had a Fling at *Endymion*. Tho' they secretly believed his Amours to be real, they had the Malice to ridicule them, as the Visions of a disordered Imagination. Nay, these giggling Gipsies had Credit enough to get the poor Gentleman jest-ed into a Proverb. Inasmuch that if a Lover blabbs out the Secret, the *Heracleans* call him a *Lunatick*; they ask a pretty Fellow that conceals his Intrigues, if he hath a *Mistress in the Clouds*? and to boast of Favours is, with them, *to have the Dreams of Endymion*.

I could Dream on much longer with great delight to my self at least, but that I am awakened by the following Letter from a Gentleman, whom I have great reason to have an high Respect for, having frequently been an Eye Witness of his Behaviour, both as to Love and Honour. I have seen him as a Lover win by fair Courtship at least fifty Ladies; and as a Soldier in open Field obtain complete Victories always over superior Numbers, and sometimes observed the whole owing to his single Valour.

S I R,

I Am to have a Benefit Play on *Monday* next, and the Distress of the Story depending upon Love, I hope it will find a Room in your Paper.

It is the *Albion Queens*, with the Death of *Mary Queen of Scotland*. Where that illustrious Lover, the Duke of *Norfolk*, rather than he will deny his Flame, gives up his Life. Whenever I see you, I shall do you honour, and am,

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

George Powel.

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